

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR



DESIGNED FOR THE PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH
ADVANCEMENT OF THE YOUNG. — EDITOR. —

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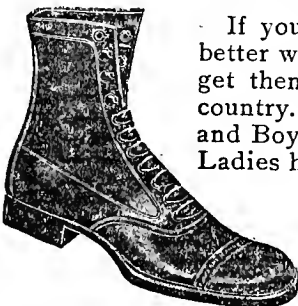
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JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

VOL. XLI.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, FEBRUARY 1, 1906.

No. 3

THE SACRED GROVE.

“The groves were God’s first temples.”



It may be said, without indulging in poetic license, that God’s first temple in this dispensation was a grove. It was in a grove that He appeared to Joseph Smith in the year 1820.

In the seclusion of the trees He showed Himself. Once again he communed face to face with one of His earthly sons. Aforetime He had stood in the presence of the meek Moses on the mount and in the burning bush; now He appeared before the humble Joseph in the grove, in the

midst of a light of glory “above the brightness of the sun.” The first named visitation was on the Eastern Hemisphere. In this last appearance the Western Hemisphere was honored. It was not the land of Judah this time; it was the land of Joseph, choice above all other lands—the land of the first dispensation, the land of the last dispensation—the land of America. And, grander still, it was not only the Lord who appeared, as on Mount Sinai, but God the Father and God the Son together hallowed that grove by their divine presence.



THE MONUMENT AT SHARON.

It is upwards of eighty-five years since Joseph Smith, with wondering eyes, looked upon the Father and the Son in that grove; and the grove still remains as a silent witness to the fact that within its sacred precincts was beheld the most glorious manifestation of this age, if not of any age.

The writer had the great pleasure of

anticipated in the dedication and unveiling of a splendid granite monument reared to the memory of that illustrious Seer; and on the homeward journey from that place, we stopped off at Palmyra, which is in the northwestern part of the State of New York, and drove from there toward the Hill Cumorah, which is five or six miles distant.



THE SACRED GROVE.

visiting this grove on the 26th day of December, 1905, in company with President Joseph F. Smith and party. Three days before, we had stood on the hill where Joseph Smith was born, in Sharon township, Windsor County, Vermont, and par-

the farm property, and, thank the Lord, is not kept as a place of curiosity for worldly profit. Strange to say, it is regarded with a degree of sacredness by Mr. Chapman himself, though he is not a believer in the claims of the "Palmyra Seer." It

About half way along, we alighted at the farm where Joseph Smith lived with his parents in 1820, they having removed there from Vermont. The log house they first dwelt in has disappeared, but there still stands the house they afterwards lived in, built about the year 1823 by Joseph's brother Alvin, who died shortly after. The house, of course, has been changed somewhat, but much of the original structure is still to be seen, especially on the interior. Mr. W. Avery Chapman, the present owner and occupant of the house and farm, was extremely affable and obliging. In that neighborhood he has the reputation of being a model farmer, and certainly the appearance of the farm indicates it. He showed us all through the house, and pointed out the room upstairs in which Joseph is said to have slept, and the room downstairs in which he translated the first part of the Book of Mormon.

came into his possession from his father, who purchased it in 1859, and who before he died enjoined upon his son, never to let an ax touch the trees growing there. The father preserved the grove from destruction during his lifetime, and now the son is doing likewise, never taking a tree from there except the ones that die naturally.

We approached the grove with peculiar emotions, and, standing upon that sacred ground, our hearts were stirred within us. Here eighty-five years ago, on a glorious spring morning, the boy Joseph Smith knelt and prayed to God for light and wisdom. Here he struggled with the power of Satan until almost overcome. Here appeared before his wondering gaze the very Eternal Father and His Son Jesus Christ. The Father introduced His Son, and the Son, by His own mouth, answered the prayer of the humble boy. Here, on this sacred spot and on that memorable spring day, a new era dawned. Here, in this wooded temple, God once again revealed Himself in person, and by so doing dissipated the false conceptions that prevailed concerning Him. Who will say that this was not a momentous time in this world's history? And surely the place where both the Father and the Son appeared in person must be hallowed ground, if there is any hallowed ground on the earth.

These thoughts, with others of a kindred nature, passed through our minds as we walked among the trees, upon the ground strewn with dead leaves. Was there a doubt lurking in our hearts that the Father and Son had actually appeared to Joseph Smith? Not even the shadow of a doubt. The same God that spoke with him "as one man speaketh with another," had spoken to the soul of everyone present, and the sure witness was within us that the testimony of Joseph Smith was a solemn truth.

In calling the place a grove, we do not wish to convey the impression that it is only a little place with a small bunch of trees. Not so. It is several acres in extent, and contains a large number of trees, principally maple and birch. Many of the trees are beautiful specimens, and some of them no doubt were standing when the Prophet visited it.

Before leaving the historic ground, President Smith and the whole party, numbering thirty souls, gathered around the trunk of a once mighty tree and with uncovered heads and grateful hearts sang the well known Sunday School hymn, "Joseph Smith's First Prayer," and then slowly retired to continue their journey to another spot sacred to the Latter-day Saints—the Hill Cumorah. A. W.

THE DWARF'S LOOKING-GLASS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46.)

WHEN evening came the children could not get at their magic glass, as grandma kept them all the time under her eyes and father stayed at home longer than usual. They were the more eager to enjoy their next show. This time they beheld a very fine room, not so magnificent as the hall of the prince, yet much more beautiful than anything they had yet seen; the walls were covered with bright tapestry and beautiful pictures, and the room itself was

full of pretty toys for boys and girls. A lovely doll-house with little ladies and gentlemen in full dress, sofas, chairs and little beds, a kitchen full of bright utensils, dishes, cups and plates, much more than ever adorned grandma's big kitchen, dolls, large and small, some as big as Jenny, cradles, chairs and baby carriages; then, on the other side of the room, there was a fortress with soldiers and cannons; a store filled with raisins, almonds, sugar and figs;

an express wagon with chests and bags, fine picture books, in a word, almost as many presents as the prince had received. The children could hardly contain themselves for joy and admiration in looking at this. All at once the happy possessors of these treasures came in; they were two girls and a boy, returning from a promenade; the girls hurried to their dolls, the boy to his grocery store. One of the girls came with bright new pennies to exchange for some dainties; the older girl took some fine hats and dresses from her trunk and began to dress one of her dolls. Alas, how sorry were the children, when grandma called them to supper, and how they dreamed asleep or awake of the lovely things they had seen, and how they hurried to their wardrobe next morning to see how the happy children enjoyed themselves.

But the room did not look so nice; the dolls were lying on the floor, and one of the little girls was crying and weeping; on the previous evening she had left the door open with the dolls lying on the floor, the cat had entered the room, played with the dressed doll, torn the silk dress with her claws, and broken the doll's face.

"It's your fault!" cried one of the children. "You didn't put the dolls away."

"No, it's your fault!" cried the other. "I never had them."

Then they scuffled before the store about a little sugar-loaf which the girl wanted for the kitchen, and which the boy wanted to keep in the store; quarreling and clamoring, the girl kicked at the store, so that many of the small jars fell on the floor; angry and provoked the boy ran to the kitchen and upset it, breaking the dainty crockery. Then such a yelling and howling, scolding and chiding arose that Thomas and Jenny were glad to turn away from such a disgraceful scene.

* * * * *

It was a long time before they could

look into their magic mirror again. This time they saw an elegant chamber, a table loaded with toys, cakes, tarts, sugar, and pastry of all kinds. Two little girls were there, one of which had her birthday, on which occasion she had received those good things. The two girls did not quarrel like the others, but they were not rosy-cheeked and contented.

"What do you think, Emma, shall we have a piece of your cake?" asked the one.

"No, Sophy," said Emma, "I would prefer apples."

"Apples? don't you know that the doctor has forbidden them, we dare not eat any fruit."

"Alas, cake does not agree with me, I don't know why grandma sent it, and buns give me toothache, auntie could just as well have kept them."

"Well, then, let us go into the garden," said Sophy.

"Yes, yes," cried Emma, let us go into the garden with our new hats."

Just as they were putting their hats on, their mother came in and said, "Where are you going, children?"

"In the garden, mama, for just a minute!"

"What! in the garden, with such a cold wind and wet weather; no, no, Emma would get the toothache, and Sophy her cough again; stay in the house, I will only put away all these dainty things of which you have partaken too much already; and now Sophy should take her potion."

Little Sophy made a sour face when she heard of her medicine. Jenny didn't want to wait to see it, and they turned away from the looking-glass in sadness.

What the children had seen so far made them think.

"Say, Thomas," asked Jenny, "do you think that all children out in the world are unhappy?"

"Indeed not," answered Thomas, with

some warmth, "that cannot be; if the prince were not alone—"

"And if the gipsy children had had honest parents,—and if the three children were not so quarrelsome, and the two little girls healthy! Well, to be sure, one is well off, who is honest, healthy, satisfied and good to others."

"Even when poor and lonely like we?" asked Thomas.

And Jenny couldn't very well say yes.

* * * * *

When the evening arrived grandma went to sleep early, yet the children hardly dared venture into the wardrobe, since all they had seen so far had taken such a melancholy turn. But they tried once more. This time they came very nearly crying with a loud voice: "Surely that is our room and ourselves!" And quite right they were, only the room was brighter and more cheerful than it used to be; it was cleaner and more tidy, the dim window panes were now clear, some wild flowers had been put in pots on the window sill, and looked so cheerful in their green color against the snowy ground; in a willow cage, such as the farmer boys made, a little bird was hopping, seemingly glad to be in the warm room, rather than in the snowy woods, for it sang and whistled with all its heart; and there at the spinning wheel sat grandma herself, and near her Jenny and Thomas, who did not look so sad and forlorn as before; they heard themselves sing a song they had learned at school, but which they had never thought of singing at home also; it sounded delightful, so much so that grandma seemed to partake of it, and nodded friendly. After finishing the song, Thomas, whom they saw in the looking-glass, fetched a big old book, which had lain dusty on grandma's tester, since she could no longer read even with spectacles. The children looked on astonished; true they had learned to read; but it had never occurred to them to read at home without

compulsion. Thomas in the looking-glass began to read in a loud voice, so that grandma could hear it; at first his diction was not very distinct, but it soon got intelligible; it was the story of Joseph, which the children had heard before, a long, long time ago, but it appeared so new and beautiful, that they listened eagerly until they heard a dog bark. It was Ward, the father's dog. Jenny saw herself jump up, put a pair of old shoes under the oven and bring out her father's worn coat, and there indeed father came in with Ward, the dog. Thomas took his father's wet coat off, carried away his gun, and Jenny brought the warm shoes and the dry old coat. The children looked surprised at their own busy likeness. Hitherto they had allowed their father to come and go, and had never thought that it was possible to look after him. The father in the picture looked in blank astonishment at the obliging children and appeared much more friendly than their real father used to be. He sat down by the table and Jennie brought him a warm supper out of the oven, which thing had mostly been overlooked, because grandma was so forgetful; the father patted her on her back, which hitherto was an unknown thing, and he started to speak to them of their deceased mother, who used to look after his wants in such a friendly manner. All this appeared so remarkable to the children, that they could not get away from the looking-glass, had not grandma ordered them to bed.

The next morning a peculiar spirit had taken hold of the children. Jenny swept the room, washed the windows, so that grandma asked, as if dreaming, "Is it Easter Sunday?" The season of flowers had not come yet, but Thomas fetched some green fir twigs, with which they decorated the room in a very neat way. Then, without being asked, they helped grandma to prepare the breakfast, which tasted so much better. Afterwards Jenny sat at the

spinning wheel with grandma, but Thomas climbed on a chair and got down the Bible, which was really covered with dust, just as it appeared in the picture. He began to spell, while grandma listened proudly, but his reading became more and more distinct, and now the old lady, who for years had not been able to attend church services nor to read her Bible, heard for the first time the precious word of God from her grandson's lips, and her good old heart melted, as she folded her hands and nodded to Thomas, her eyes full of big tears.

Thomas was so pleased with the results of his reading that he continued to read with great pleasure, while Jenny listened spinning, without noticing how quickly the morning passed, until grandma, who didn't need a clock, arose to cook dinner.

Thomas jumped up, saying, "Wait, grandma. I will help you." The children fetched water from the fountain in the yard, washed the potatoes, and stirred up the fire; grandma, who hitherto had to do all this alone, clapped her hands in astonishment. The children never ate better potatoes. In the afternoon they bethought themselves of singing. At first they sang very softly; but taking courage, they sang louder and louder, until grandma listened as it in a dream and smiled as she had not done for years.

But what a joy when father came home! And how astonished he was when he noticed the attention which the children bestowed upon him. No one had thus cared for him since his good wife died. All came to pass as the children had seen it in the magic glass. The warm clothes, with the kindness shown him by the children, overcame his chilliness, both physical and social, and he began to tell them of their deceased mother. The happy grandmother listened attentively and added a word now and then. Before retiring,

she said, "You must hear how fine Thomas can read," and brought out her old Bible. The father, who during so many years had neglected family prayers, listened with pride and joy to the boy reading the word of God. The words falling from the boy's lips opened his heart, and when Thomas was through, they all knelt down, and the father led in prayer.

Never before had the children gone to sleep with such blissful feelings.

Well all days afterwards did not pass with such glee as this one, but the pleasure of working remained with the children, and the spirit of prayer which had entered this humble but transformed it into an abode of peace and love.

The children had little more desire for the magic mirror, they had arrived at the conclusion that it could not show them anything better than their own dear home. Then the joyful happy spring time came and the children began to study how to make their little home prove attractive next winter.

In the course of time, after his father and his grandmother died, Thomas wandered through the world, became a capable successful carpenter, and constructed many a stately mansion. Jenny went to live at the squire's home; she was a clever girl, and became the wife of a prosperous farmer, and raised a family of good children. Both Jenny and Thomas were all their life satisfied with what God allotted them, and when they beheld from afar splendid mansions, gorgeous halls, fine clothes or delicious dainties, they would say, "This belongs probably to a poor prince, or to envious children or to a sick girl."

We all have our house, our hut or our modest chamber in this world; shall we not try to adorn it as the forester's children did theirs?

Translated from the "Hinkende Bot,"
by A. A. Ramseyer.

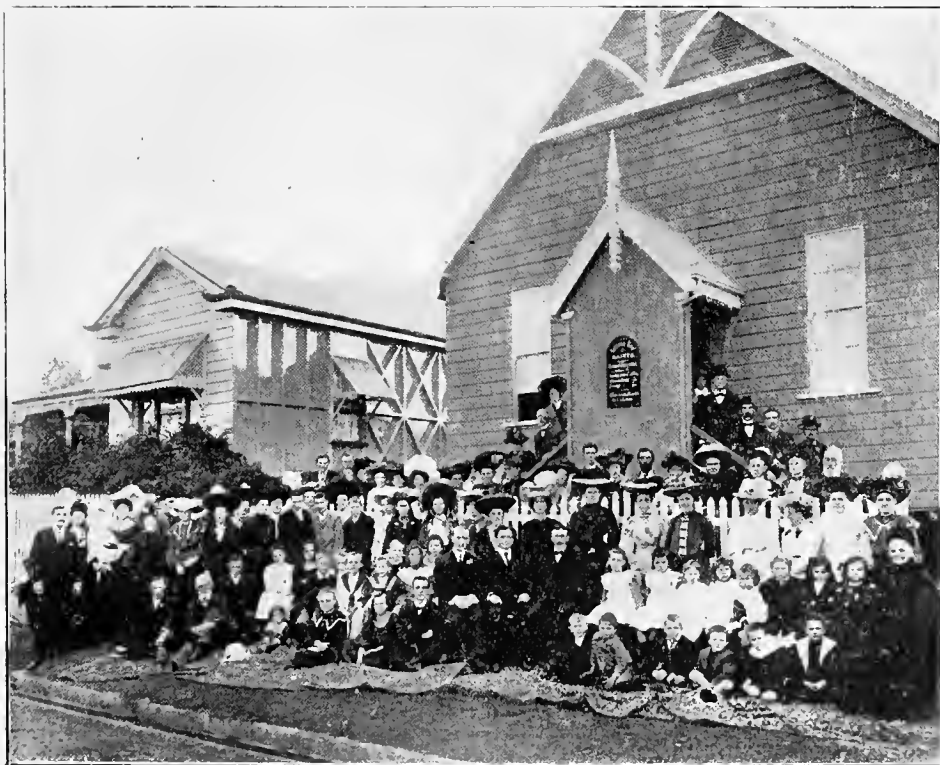
THE BRISBANE (AUSTRALIA) MEETINGHOUSE.



WORK upon the ground upon which the Brisbane meeting-house has been built began about the middle of September, 1904, several of the Elders doing the work. After the ground was leveled sufficiently, stumps of very hard wood were set in the ground, like posts, and the edifice was then built upon them. This manner of building serves a double purpose. When you consider that the building is, on the average, about two and a half feet from the ground, it will be readily seen that it will be much cooler during the hot summer weather, the wind circulating under as well as around the building. Then again, white ants¹ are very destructive to wooden buildings in

Queensland, and if climbing up stumps or posts is the only way they can reach the building, their movements are more easily watched and their destruction accomplished. These ants are not fond of tar, so each stump before being put into the ground received a liberal coat, to guard against the ants. In addition a cap was placed upon the top of each stump before any timbers were laid. Such caps are made of heavy tin or galvanized iron, and very much resemble a milk pan with low, sloping sides. They are put on the tops of the stumps in an inverted position and are a further precaution against the white ants. Upon these tarred stumps the building is erected.

The church was formally opened on



THE BRISBANE MEETING HOUSE.

Sunday, December 4th, 1904, with appropriate services at the evening meeting.

The building is of pine, rustic, and the main part is 49 feet long by 26 feet wide, outside measurement. A partition runs across, and reaching to the roof divides the building into two unequal parts, the hall in front of the partition being 25x35 feet on the inside. This hall will seat 125 people very comfortably, and by utilizing the platform, which is 7x14 feet, it will accommodate 150 people. The pulpit is movable, so that the whole of the platform can be used for concerts, etc., whenever necessary.

The space back of the partition is divided into three rooms, two below and one large attic room above them.

Back of and attached to the main build-

ing is a lean-to, 12½x12½ feet inside measurement. This room has verandahs on the two sides, the end of one of these being converted into a bathroom. This "lean-to" and the other three referred to are used as living rooms by the resident missionaries, and three of them are also used as class rooms in connection with the Sunday School.

Brisbane is divided into two unequal parts by a large river, and our meeting hall is in about the center of the population of South Brisbane. A splendid electric tramway system is within about two minutes' walk of the church. By means of this one can be taken into the heart of Brisbane for two cents, so that conveyance is handy and cheap.

James Duckworth.

WITH THE ELDERS.

PART XXIII.—TO THE WATNALL COLLIERY.



ALREADY we have seen very strong evidence of the fact that we are now in the midst of one of the great coal fields of Great Britain. Every evening we see hundreds of men and boys stringing into town after their hard day's digging. That they come from the coalpits is attested by their besmeared faces, black hands, and dusty hair and clothes. Indeed they all seem to be "tarred with the same stick" and, as one of our party jestingly remarks, are all "Black Beauties."

One afternoon last week, we were invited to Brothers A——'s home to "tea."

At the customary time "tea" was on the table and Brother A—— arrived. The complexion of his face and hands was of a decidedly dark cast and he unconsciously gave pronounced manifestations of being worn out after the day's toil; however he took

pains to give us a warm, open-hearted welcome and bade us sit up to the table. Imagine our surprise when the host took his place at the table without changing his dusty clothes or even washing his face or hands. Of course we said nothing, but thought had he cleaned up a bit we should have felt far more at home and should have partaken our "tea" with "whiter ideas" and better appetites. But Brother A—— is no exception to the rule, for in general the miners throughout these parts eat before washing, just as he did, and perhaps if we were doing the same kind of work under the same conditions we should readily fall into the prevailing custom.

At any rate, what we have seen creates in us a strong desire to study the inner workings of a coal mine, so we wend our way down to talk the matter over with the good-natured, liberal-minded, big-hearted Mr. Chambers, chief inspector of half a dozen large coal mines in this part of Nottinghamshire. His pleasing conver-

sation makes us feel quite at home and his daughter's charming piano playing encourages us to "linger longer."

Before giving us time to express ourselves regarding the coal mines, he kindly proposes that we accompany him on the morrow to the New Watnall colliery, the most up to date one in this part of John Bull's.

tened for "the next" and shortly heard a voice shout, "I am awake." Pretty soon the thundering noise came from a little farther down the street, and in a minute or two, from still farther down. We made for the window and in the dimness of early dawn saw a lone man passing from door to door, pounding as he went along, and in



IN THE CAGE, AT THE PIT'S MOUTH.

island. As you may suppose, nothing would please us better.

Our first night in Eastwood was one of unbroken slumber until four in the morning; at which time we were aroused in a rather startling manner. Such a noise came from down stairs that we felt quite sure we were being attacked by a mob of anti-Mormons and that the front door was being hammered off its hinges. We lis-

each case apparently waiting for an answer. Later we heard that he is employed by the coal miners to make the round every morning to wake them up in time for work. This alarm-clock man is called the knocker. The knocking which startled us at first is repeated every morning as the knocker calls our next-door neighbor from the land of dreams to the world of work.

On the morning of our visit to the mine we are "knocked up" in good time, and shortly afterward are dressed in colored shirts and miners' clothing ready to meet our friend, Mr. Chambers. And like the miners, we spend no time for breakfast, but take that with us in tin dinner pails. As agreed, we meet our distinguished guide at the company's office and are shown a number of plans or maps of different coal mines and fields throughout the country, and especially those of the New Watnall diggings.

Mr. Chambers, we find, is a veritable encyclopedia on the question of coal mines, coal mining, etc. He takes us away back into history and produces evidence to show that the inhabitants of Britain knew the combustible properties of coal as early as the twelfth century, but owing to the abundance of a dry fuel in the vast forests then covering the island, they found it unnecessary to develop the mines. As the forests became more and more depleted, wood became scarcer, and there arose a need for fuel from other sources. Naturally attention was turned to the black substance found in river beds and at out-croppings of coal seams.

The first charter granting the privilege to mine coal was given to the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne by Henry III, in 1239. About the end of the thirteenth century coal was transported in crude boats from this place to London, but people thought it poisoned the air and in 1306 persuaded the king to order its use discontinued. Those who had once used it were loath to give it up and consequently a law was passed against its use and those violating the regulation were punishable with death. And during the time of Edward I. a man was actually executed for making a fire with coal. The prejudice was so firm-rooted that even as late as the sixteenth century ladies would not go into a room where coal was being burned for fear of spoiling

their complexions, and many people would not partake of meat roasted at a coal fire.

The middle of the seventeenth century saw coal used for the first time in smelting iron ores and from then on its usefulness increased slowly until the invention of the railroads, after which the amount mined increased with surprising rapidity, and now the output is something like 230,000,000 tons annually. Of the total amount mined in the world, more than one half is dug in Great Britain and it is her vast coal fields, covering some twelve thousand square miles, that has aided materially in giving England her industrial supremacy. The island not only furnishes all the coal needed for domestic purposes, but exports about one sixth of its output to foreign countries. Indeed so great is the quantity taken out and consumed that occasionally the British people are led to consider the durability of their coal mines, and not long since Parliament appointed a commission to investigate the matter. Professor James Geikie, speaking on this subject, says: "It may yet be confidently asserted that enough is known of our coal fields to make it absolutely certain that our coal supply is not 'practically inexhaustible.' Nor can the question of the duration of that supply be considered merely of academic interest. No thoughtful statesman, no patriotic citizen can contemplate the enormous annual output of our coal fields without serious misgivings as to the fate of our commerce in the immediate future."

The company owning the six mines over which Mr. Chambers has charge has been organized nearly one hundred and sixty years, and at present furnishes the market with twenty-one thousand tons of coal every week. Most of this vast output is consumed near the coal fields in shops, foundries, factories, residences, etc., and the surplus is sent down to London. To get out and handle this amount of fossil-fuel, the company employs men and boys

equal in number to the total population of men, women and children of Laketown, Richfield and Coalville.

An hour's walk brings us to the frame and brick buildings at the mouth of the New Watnall mine. We are shown the boiler room with its eight enormous boilers, after which we inspect the heavy machinery used in working the fans, hoisting the coal, generating electric power, running the

cables far down in the mine, etc. Next we visit the frame structure wherein are dozens of men and boys "picking" the coal or separating the good from the poor, the lumps from fine, and the hard from the soft. A thousand tons pass through here every day and are poured into cars ready for shipment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Delbert W. Parratt.

CURRENT TOPICS.

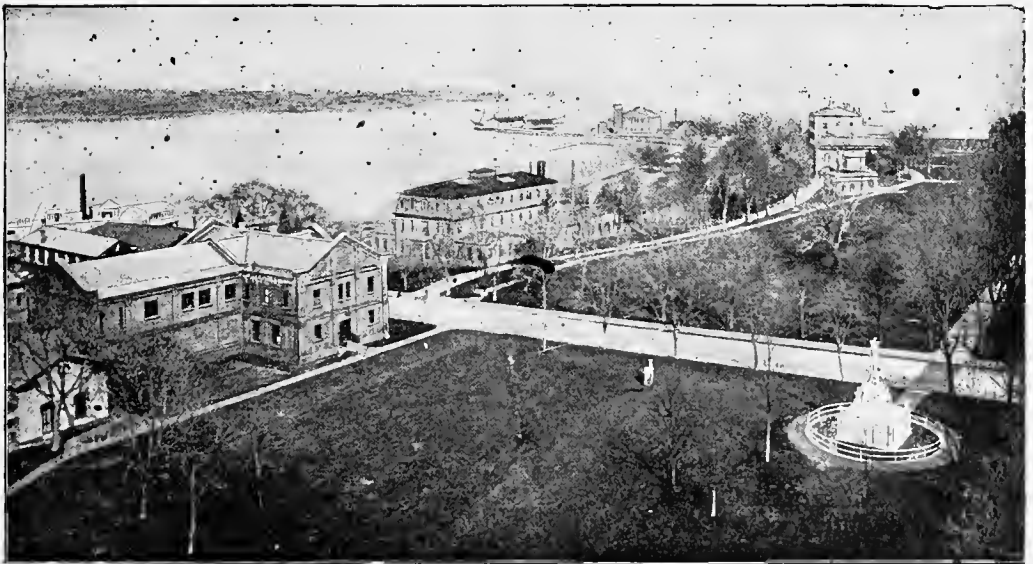
HAZING AT ANNAPOLIS.



THE recent investigations at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis have brought to the front again the much discussed subject of hazing as practiced in our national educational institutions.

The school at Annapolis is under the direct watchcare of the government of the United States. The students to it are ap-

pointed as follows: One naval cadet is allowed for every member of the House of Representatives; one for the District of Columbia, and ten at large. The Secretary of the Navy, as soon as possible after the fifth of March in each year, is required to notify each delegate in writing of any vacancy which may exist in his district. The congressman is expected to make his recommendation of a suitable person for the vacancy by the 1st of July of the same



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ANNAPOLIS NAVAL ACADEMY.

year. Failing to do so, the Secretary of the Navy makes the appointment. The candidates for the District of Columbia and those appointed at large are selected by the President. The appointments from congressional districts and from the District of Columbia must consist of young men who are actual residents of the region from which they are nominated, and certain mental and physical qualifications are also required.

Thus Congress has direct control of the institution and the Congressmen a personal interest in the students, and measures have been passed by that body governing the conduct of the school, among which is one prohibiting the practice of hazing, making it an offense punishable with expulsion from the school.

That hazing is still indulged in by the students therefore has been a surprise to Congress as well as to those in charge of the Academy, for it was understood some time ago that the practice had been abolished. However a determined effort is now to be made to stamp it out entirely, even if the result be the dismissal of many of the students. Of course the midshipmen feel that the Congressmen who appointed them will stand by them and see them put back if they are dismissed for hazing, and this has made them bold. But it is now understood that the President will be appealed to to veto any bill that may be passed by Congress for the reinstatement of a midshipman expelled for hazing, or even countenancing it.

It appears from the evidence given in the case of Midshipman Kimbrough before the court-martial at the Academy, that he was compelled by upper classmen to stand on his head until he became unconscious; that he was then revived by means of cold water being thrown over him, and when he regained consciousness the barbarity was repeated with like results. His health was seriously affected for days, and the

midshipman in charge of the floor where Kimbrough's room was located failed, while his term of duty lasted, to report the case, thus implicating himself, though he claimed not to know it was a case of hazing.

Certain rules prevail among the students in the upper classes in colleges in the East that newly-introduced students must pass through many indignities before they may consider themselves fully initiated into the school. Those students who have spent two years or more in an institution feel it their privilege to initiate the unfledged students by some cruel process, often resulting in bodily and mental injury, which some students never overcome, and really at the risk of life itself, as appears in the case of young Kimbrough, whom it is firmly believed would have died had not the next midshipman in charge of the floor made known his condition, so that proper treatment could be given him.

There are various modes of hazing, more or less brutal. The practice of standing one upon his head is perhaps the most cruel and dangerous one. Some students who cannot sing are made to try to carry a tune until they become nervous and worn out; others are made to take their meals while sitting underneath a table, while others are placed in all sorts of uncomfortable positions and made to remain as long as their persecutors see fit to keep them thus engaged.

We present a picture which shows a few of the practices thus indulged in.

Some years ago at Cornell University, some ruffian students, not content with freely indulging in a brutal row, carried their wickedness to such an extent that they introduced poisonous gas into the banquet hall of the freshmen, which resulted in the death of one person and the prostration of several others.

This circumstance caused such a profound sensation among all right thinking people that measures were then taken to

LETTERS TO MY BOY.

II.

My Dear Son:—

In my last letter I told you something about the value to your happiness of the habits you form in your later teens, and especially about the habit of using good language. In this letter I want to tell you something about the habits of a good address. Perhaps you do not understand just what I mean by the words, good address. They mean the manner in which you approach people and speak to them. You may wonder what difference it makes so long as you can make people understand what you think or want. You may not know it, but there are many people in the world whose first impressions of a person are those that have the strongest influence upon their judgment and opinion of those they meet only occasionally. You should aim, therefore, to make a good impression upon those you meet, not only seldom, but frequently.

You may think it a very easy matter to put on an appearance of friendly good will and personal interest toward strangers and friends, but you will not long deceive people by what you do not sincerely feel and think. Shams soon become known and they are taken for what they are worth and very frequently have an effect just the opposite from that for which they were intended, so commence now to be sincere,

earnest, and kindly-disposed towards all with whom you come in contact.

The best place to form the habit of a good address is at home. There you should always speak kindly to your brothers and sisters, as well as to your parents. Never speak in unseemly-loud, or in angry tones of voice. You may be angry, all boys perhaps get angry sometimes and sometimes they have cause to be so, but it is always better not to let it be known, not to show it in the tone of voice, or in offensive conduct. Avoid quarrels with your brothers and sisters; and if you cannot speak politely and pleasantly when you have something to say, wait until you can. If you are in the habit of saying please, to a brother or a sister, and of thanking them when they do you an act of kindness, it will be much easier for you to be polite to strangers.

This habit, like most others, begins in the home, and I don't imagine that you can be one thing in the home and something else among friends or strangers. A genteel and friendly manner of speaking to people will do much to make them love you and seek your society. No one has ever been able to calculate the power in this world which good words give to the one who uses them, much less the good effect such words have upon the hearts and thoughts of others.

J. M. T.

A LARGE OGDEN FAMILY.

IN Number 24, of Vol. 40 we inserted a picture of the family of Dr. McCann of Omaha—fourteen living sons and daughters. Today we present an Ogden family which lacks one of being equal to that of Dr. McCann. But then, the parents are not as old as the doctor. The father, Joseph K. Wright was born April 6th,

1866, and the mother, Ellen Bingham Wright, came into this world March 30th, 1869. They were married December 8th, 1889. Their eldest son, Joseph K., Jr., was born October 15th, 1887, and the youngest in the group, Leonard, November 22, 1904. So that the eldest was only a little over seventeen years old when the youngest put in an



THE WRIGHT FAMILY.

appearance. The names of the children in the order of their birth are: Joseph K., Margaret A., Sanford B., Eliza, J. Leroy, A. Glenn, Oscar W., Ellen J., Walter J., Irene, Delbert F., Ada and Leonard. Death has not entered into their ranks, and judging by their appearance, they have strong constitutions and vigorous bodies, and in the providence of the Lord

are likely to live for many years in this mortal probation. Often as many as ten of them will be at Sunday School at the same time, and two of the boys are officers in the Y. M. M. I. A.

It is no use talking "race suicide" to Brother and Sister Wright, they don't believe in it.

CHILDHOOD.

It seems but yesterday to me,
When I, a child on mother's knee,
Played with her sunny, flowing hair,
And pressed her hueless cheek, so fair.
My spirit then late from above,
Sought not to fawn another love;
And when the light of day expired,
Upon her breast my soul retired.
How oft she came at hush of night,
And tucked 'round me the covers white,
And with her dear hand smoothed my hair,
And heaved o'er me a sigh of care!
How happy were those years of bliss,
How undefiled was her sweet kiss,

How ignorant I of future years,
With all their train of toil and tears!
Ignorant, yea, of care and strife,
And all that mocks and mars this life!
Sweet childhood, time when cares of day
By mother's kiss are wiped away.
It knows no lasting, throbbing pain;
Though short, it is a happy reign,
Sweet childhood, gone, forever gone,
Thou couldst not with me linger on.
Sweet childhood! flown with all the past,
Thou wert too pure and sweet to last.

Sarah E. Mitton.



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY, - FEBRUARY 1, 1906

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ACCURACY DEMANDED.



On many occasions heretofore, through these columns and through the medium of other Church publications, attention has been directed to the scrupulous care required of our teachers and preachers in the matter of presenting only authentic and authorized doctrines as tenets of the Church. While every person has a right to his own opinion in matters theological as in all else, and while he is at liberty to proclaim and defend that opinion in a proper way and at appropriate times and places, no one can justly claim the right to promulgate his individual belief and personal conceptions as doctrines of the Church unless the same be

in strict accord with the authorized standards.

Sunday School classes, Improvement Associations, ward meetings and such gatherings as are appointed for instruction and worship, are certainly not appropriate in purpose, time or place, for the promulgation of unproved theory or the preaching of unaccepted and debatable doctrine. The regularly appointed meetings under Church auspices are not to be devoted to polemic discussion; Sunday School classes, Improvement Associations, quorums or other organizations of the kind are in no sense to be regarded or operated as debating societies.

Debate strives for triumph, true investigation seeks for truth. However strong a man's conviction may be that his view on any subject is the correct one, he must ever remember that the teachings and tenets of the Church are set forth in the duly accepted standard works, and by these standards his opinions may be tested as to agreement with or dissent from the authorized precepts. Friendly discussion having for its purpose the search for truth, is distinct from hurtful debate, though transition from one to the other is easy. Honest competition is essentially distinct from hateful rivalry. But in an inquiry as to what are the teachings of the Church concerning any specific subject, there is no occasion or excuse for dissension; the standard works have been adopted as our guides in matters of doctrine and practice.

The ill effects of confusing individual opinions with authenticated teachings are often far-reaching and lasting. Error may thus be planted in many an immature mind, and the seeds of skepticism and

doubt find a rich soil for their rank growth.

But the desire to uphold some favorite belief or to sustain a pet theory is not the incentive to the teaching of error and the inculcation of false doctrine. Ignorance, in many cases inexcusable, is not infrequently exhibited by those who undertake to teach others. Sunday School teachers and instructors in general must learn to be accurate in their statements, or to remain silent respecting subjects unstudied and problems unsolved by them. Not only in doctrinal matters is this defect among our instructors demonstrated; in the teaching of Church history, for example, too little attention is given to details of dates, places and persons, and thus is error spread.

It is decidedly better for the teacher to be silent on subjects unknown to him, or to frankly acknowledge his ignorance if the topic is brought up in class, than to give incorrect answers or otherwise mislead. The instructor, unprepared through neglect of previous study, may not himself be aware of the mistakes he makes, this however goes to prove his incompetency. The preparation required of our teachers today involves effort and imposes labor; the slothful have no place among us.

Teachers, go before your classes with the consciousness that you have at least tried to prepare yourself for the duty of the hour, then with confidence may you expect the aid of inspiration from the divine source.

Joseph F. Smith.



VITAL RELIGION.

THE *doing* of God's will is the test of true discipleship. The mere verbal acceptance of the Gospel will amount to but little. It is deeds that count. At the last day, at

the time of the final judgment, we shall be judged according to our works, not according to our professions.

It is, therefore, the duty of all members of the Church to add to their faith works. It is very true that without faith it is impossible to please God; it is equally true that the only way of proving or showing our faith is by our works. Faith without works is dead. And those works which become a member of Christ's Church are a godly walk and conversation—or walking in holiness before the Lord.

Combined with this life of holiness is that humility which acknowledges the hand of God in all things. Not only in that which He gives, but equally in that which he withholds. Against those who refuse to recognize the overruling hand of Providence in all the varied incidents and events of their lives the anger of the Lord is kindled; He will not be ignored by His children. He requires that we acknowledge Him as the source from whence all blessings flow to mankind, that by him we live and move and have our being.

Our safety is in living by every word that has proceeded or now proceeds from the mouth of God; by obedience to His requirements as given us in the scriptures of both ancient and modern times. The path of obedience is not only the path of safety, but of salvation also. The word of the Lord is the end of all controversy; His law is the standard of righteousness. We must live according to that which God has caused to be written in the ancient records and in the revelations of this dispensation.

The sum of this great truth is that there is an eternal law that every blessing comes to man through obedience to that law of heaven upon which it is predicated.

KINDERGARTEN

Edited By Donnette Smith Kesler and Rebecca Morris.

F RST SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1906.

Thoughts for the Teacher:

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." Matthew xi: 29, 30.

Last month we spoke of the symbolic meaning of light—how it unconsciously influences and attracts the child. Not only the child, but man is influenced and attracted by it. What is light but the joy, the happiness that surrounds us? Yet many walk always in the dark, in the shadows of life.

Froebel tells truly that we should go along changing the shadows into light, changing the evil into good, changing the sorrow into joy. How many of us have yet to learn that the possession of a thing is not the actual holding of it physically, but that we can possess many things spiritually! We can enjoy many things that we cannot actually possess, we believe many things we cannot see, but no one can give unless he possesses. If we have light and joy in our hearts we can give light and joy to others. We little know how much influence we have over our little children. You might spend an endless amount of time on the preparation of a lesson for your class, you give it and feel discouraged, think perhaps that your efforts were in vain, that the children got nothing from you. You cannot tell how nor when you give a spiritual thought to your children; if you do your best your efforts will some day be fully repaid although not just as you thought nor in the way you hoped, but the true thought will at some time awaken in the child. It has been said that it takes a child fully four months to get a school

thought fully analyzed, understood and applied.

1. Song. Selected.

2. Hymn. Hill 19.

3. The Lord's Prayer.

4. Song.

The New Year or some one of the Christmas songs.

5. Morning Talk.

So many things happen all the time out of doors we have to keep our eyes and ears open all day to see and hear the things that come and go about us. At some times of the year the trees are heavy and green with leaves; flowers are found here and there with their many pretty colored dresses nodding in the sunshine; birds hop and sing, and everything is bright and gay and happy. Then perhaps the leaves fall from the trees and the flowers nod themselves to sleep, the birds go on a long journey to the happy southland and everything out in nature's garden goes sound asleep for the Father wants all things to rest at their proper time. Winter comes, Jack Frost brings his snow and frost and makes the days and nights very cold. The days are short in the winter time but the bright sunshine makes them happy, the nights are long but the moon and stars shine then to make the night brighter. Our Heavenly Father gives us all the light He can. Some days we do not see His sun nor do we see His moon and stars some nights but yet He gives us another light, a little light right down in our hearts. Did you know that happiness and kindness are lights and we can always have them? Some days little children cry and grumble and are very unhappy. They are like dark

shadows. Sometimes they are happy and good and kind. Then they are like the sunshine, for you know every one loves the sunshine for it is always bright and kind and good. Let us see how many days next week we can be bright and happy like the sunshine. Would you like to sing one of our pretty songs to the sunshine?

Good Morning, Merry Sunshine or any other you might know? You can teach this new song if need be:

room have some quiet waltz music played while you give some rhythmic exercises, such as swaying slowly back and forth having one foot in front, swaying from side to side having arms go out and in, in a circular movement, rock baby or dolly to sleep, etc. You can count for movements if you have no music.

Rest exercises should be given as needed by the children. Some mornings you will find they need a lively exercise to rouse

GOOD-MORNING SONG.

Florence Page.

"Good morning, good morn-ing," to each one we say, "Good morning, good morn-ing, this bright, sun-ny day;" We're hap-py, we're hap-py once more to meet, We're happy each oth-er to greet.

NOTE.—Change "bright, sunny," to "cool, rainy," "dark, cloudy," "cold, snowy," to suit the weather conditions.

6. Bible Story.

Birth of John the Baptist. (Luke I.) Tell the story given in the JUVENILE for February 1st and 15th as one story instead of dividing it as done there.

7. Rest Exercise.

If you have an organ or piano in your

and liven them, this is rare, but does happen sometimes; at times a nice quiet little finger play is best; then again an exercise that will call into play the different limbs and muscles of the body; a song oftentimes is sufficient. When they are too restless to control an imitative exercise is very good, one in which you go through certain

movements having the children watch and do just as you do, in such a one they must be attentive and quick in order to follow you. Don't give them too much, a little you well know goes a long way if properly given.

ANDROCLUS AND THE LION.

In Rome there was once a poor slave whose name was Androclus. A slave, you know, works for some one all the time and he never can rest or do anything but work, work, work. His master was a cruel man and so unkind to Androclus that he ran away.

He hid himself in the wild woods for many days; but as there was no food there he grew so weak and sick that he thought he might die. One day walking along he came to a cave, he crept in and lay down and soon was fast asleep. After a while a great noise woke him up. He sat up and looked about, and there he saw that a great lion had come into the cave and was making an awful noise. Androclus was very frightened, for he feared the lion would kill him. But, however, he saw that the lion was not angry, but that he limped as if his foot was sore. The frightened slave rose and went to the lion and very gently took hold of his paw to see what was the matter. The lion held quite still and looked up into the slave's face just as much as to say, "I know you will help me."

Androclus lifted the paw and saw that in it was a long, sharp thorn which must hurt very much. He took the end of the thorn in his fingers, then he gave a strong, quick pull and out it came. The lion was so glad. He jumped up with joy, and licked the hands and feet of his new friend. That is one way, you know, that animals say thank you, when one is kind to them.

This pleased the slave and he was not at all afraid of the lion, and when night came he and the lion lay down in the cave side by side and slept.

Next morning the big lion went out and got food for his friend, the slave, and for many days he went and got him food; and the two became such good friends that Androclus found his new life and home a very happy one.

One day some soldiers came into the woods where they found the slave; they knew who he was, and took him back to the city of Rome to his master.

In those days masters were very cruel to their slaves, and when they punished them, they made them fight a hungry lion. So a large lion was caught and locked up and not given any food at all. On the day that the slave was to fight with the lion, a great crowd came to the arena. That is a place something like a circus, where many people can sit around a large circular stage. By and by a door opened and poor Androclus was brought in. He was so frightened, for he could plainly hear the hungry lion roar. None of those people seemed to feel sorry for him, every one seemed glad but the poor, lonely slave.

In rushed the lion. With one bound and jump he was at the slave's side. Androclus gave one great cry, not of fear, but of gladness. For it was his old friend, the lion of the cave.

The people thought the lion would kill the slave and when they saw him lick the hands and feet of the man and saw Androclus put his arms around the lion's neck, and saw how tenderly the great lion rubbed his head against the slave's face as though he wanted to be petted, they wondered what it could mean. They could not understand it at all.

They asked Androclus to tell them about it. So he stood before them with his arm around the lion's neck, and told them how he and the beast had lived together in the cave.

"I am a man," he said "but no man has ever been a friend to me. This good lion alone has been kind and true to me and we love each other very much."

"Let the slave go free," the people cried, "let him live and be a free man."

And so Androclus was set free, and also the lion. They went away together and for many, many years lived together and loved each other.

(In telling this story enter into the dramatic, earnest spirit of it, for it, like all good stories must be told with force, animation and earnestness.)

9. Children's Period.

10. Closing. March Out.

SECOND SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1906.

1. Song. Selected.

2. Hymn, "Father, We Thank Thee for the Light." (Hill, 19.)

3. The Lord's Prayer.

4. Moon Song.

5. Morning Talk.

Arrange your own talk considering the particular conditions of nature. After so

doing see if the children can tell you of something they did during the week to make someone glad. Were they happy every day? How can we always be happy? Let us see how many pleasant things we can do this week.

6. Story.

Review the Bible story of last week.

7. Song.

Today we are going to learn a very pretty little song about some pussies. What kind of pussies do you think they are? Well they are very nice pussies, they never scratch, they are very quiet and sit very still in rows upon a twig:

Did you ever hear of pussies
Who never, never scratch nor mew,
Nor chase their tails nor play with balls,
As other pussies do?

They sit in rows on bushes,
In coats of fur, of soft gray fur;
And though you listen all day long
You'll never hear them purr.

THE ROBIN AND PUSSY WILLOW.

Words Selected.

Music by Jos. Ballantyne.

1. Two mer - ry lit - tle build - ers, Were bus - y side by side, And

Ritard.

one was Rob - in Red Breast, The oth - er was his bride.

- 2 But gentle Mistress Robin,
Was filled with sudden fear,
She heard some children whisper
"Miss Puss is very near."
- 3 She listened faint and breathless
And wild her terror grew,
So to the skyward branches
With throbbing heart she flew.
- 4 Her husband quickly followed
And laughed with all his might,
He knew the funny blunder
That caused her such a fright.
- 5 Said he "We're miles from Catville
And have no cause to fear,
The only Pussy near us
Is Pussy Willow, dear."

(It is a good plan to have the tune to the songs played over softly while you are repeating the words, it helps the children to learn the words more readily and the music at the same time.)

8. Story.

Valentine story as given in the JUVENILE for February, 1905.

If you have not a very large class it would be nice if you could, to buy enough

of the little one cent valentines and give one to each child. You could have them in a pretty basket or box with the name of a child on each, then let one or two children come quietly up to you to get a valentine to take to some of the other children until all have one. Little remembrances such as this always draw the children nearer to their teacher.

9. Rest Exercise.

Have a sense game of some kind. There have been a great number given and they should be given quite frequently. In observing Sunday School children they have always impressed me that that they need a real rest exercise, one where they can stand up and rest their limbs and muscles. One of the best things to give is a stretching exercise; let them sit or stand and stretch out their arms and legs, their back and neck and end with a good yawn. This usually rests them more than anything else.

10. Children's Period.

11. March out quietly today, two by two if possible.

HOW THE WAY OPENED.

In the year 1858, being then fourteen years old, I was bound apprentice for seven years to a watchmaker in Coventry, England, my wages being four shillings and six pence per week.

My father was dead, and my own little earnings, with the small amount my mother earned at the loom, made but scanty support for a family of four.

It was in 1862 that I first heard the true Gospel preached by an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and it took hold of me with an irresistible force. At that time I was a member of the Protestant church choir in St. Michael's

church in Coventry. My mother had been a member of the Mormon Church for some time, unknown to me, on account of my bitterness toward that people, through scandalous reports in circulation concerning them.

I was persuaded, however, by my brother-in-law, Thomas Williams, to go to meeting with him one Sunday evening; and the message that I there heard was ringing in my ears for weeks and months and I was finally convinced, after careful investigation, of its truthfulness.

Persecution now began, and how the storm raged! My comrades in the watch

factory, members of the choir, relatives and friends, appeared to be combined in an aggressive warfare against me, which nearly drove me to distraction. The leader of the choir, Mr. Cooper, sent for me, and I appeared at the door of his fine mansion and was ushered into his private library. At first he asked me why I had not taken my seat in the choir lately. I told him the reason—that I had joined the true church of God. He said, "You are a fatherless boy, and I feel it my duty to look after your interests." He tried to show me the error of my way, but could not, and finding he could not move me by persuasion, he commenced abusing our Church, and I then left his house.

The meetings of the Latter-day Saints in Coventry at this time were raided by unscrupulous boys and disturbances took place very often. I took it upon myself to stand at the church door one Wednesday evening, to keep them out. The crowd came up as usual and were determined to go in, but I told them if they did they would go over my dead body. At this I was dragged into the street, kicked and abused, but I kept them out, and no one in the meeting knew what was going on. I had the ringleaders arrested the next day and punished, and the court ordered a special policeman to see that our meetings were not disturbed.

The wish of my heart now was to gather to Zion, for I realized that my native land had lost its charms, and the fact that I was hated there was very apparent to me. Had I been in a position to emigrate, my apprenticeship held me in the firm grasp of the law for three more years, although I tried to get away from it. With a cousin of mine, Thomas Hurley (as misery loves company), I got up one Monday morning as usual, had breakfast, and with our white aprons on we started, presumably for work, but made tracks afoot for the great town of Birmingham, twenty miles

distant. That night we slept in a shed by the roadside, on the edge of the town. The next morning we got up, washed our faces in a little brook, ate a bite of breakfast, and started to enter the city. We had not proceeded far when a burly policeman arrested us as runaway apprentices, and sent us back again.

My master being notified of our return, came to see me. He asked me what I intended to do. I hesitated. He told me to take my choice—I could either go back to work or serve out the remainder of my time in prison.

I will say here, that I never neglected my prayers, and at this time I asked God to guide and watch over me, and the whisperings of the Spirit to me were to go back to work, and all would be well. I accordingly did so. A short time after these events I married.

One morning, as I was working, my master's wife sent for me from the factory. I felt a little nervous, wondering what was to come next. Arriving at the house this good lady, for such she surely was read a letter to me from her husband, stating that he was not going to return home, and instructing her to appoint a foreman over the business, and to have the indentures of Master Fawson cancelled and give him his liberty. We were both wrapped in thought and tears were in our eyes; hers for the loss of her husband and the father of a large family, and mine for the favor of my Father in heaven in my release from bondage and persecution.

I was the only apprentice out of the factory that was released. I went home and informed my folks what had happened. Our only wish now was for means to gather to Zion. We felt that would crown our happiness. We did not wait long. My grandfather, John Fawson, died and left a legacy exclusively to me, my mother and brother and sister not being mentioned in the will. The legacy consisted of two

stores and two dwelling houses in the business part of the city. Of course it took some time to get possession of and dispose of the property; but we did so, and with the means I emigrated my wife's family and my mother, brothers and sisters, eight persons in all.

We arrived in Salt Lake City October 27, 1864, after enduring hardships and trials on the way. My mother died and was

buried on the plains, and I came very near losing my wife. The Lord has prospered me and permitted me to raise a family of two sons and six daughters here in Zion. I filled a mission to my native land, returning in 1902. Since then my two boys have filled missions, and we all remain as a family faithful members of the Church.

A. Fawson.

SELECTED POEMS.

THE SNOW BIRDS.

When winter winds are blowing,
And clouds are full of snow,
There comes a flock of little birds
A-flying to and fro;
About the withered garden,
Around the naked field,
In any way-side shrub or tree
That may a berry yield,
You'll see them flitting, flitting,
And hear their merry song;
The scattered crumbs of summer's feast
Feed winter birdlings long.

But when the snow-drifts cover
The garden and the field,
When all the shrubs are eased in ice,
And every brook is sealed,
Then come the little snow-birds,
As beggars to your door;
They pick up every tiny crumb,
With eager chirps for more.
Give them a hearty welcome!
It surely were not good
That they who sing in winter-time
Should ever lack for food.

Our Dumb Animals.

THE LAND OF THE LITTLE FACES.

I wonder, oh, I wonder where the little faces go,
That come and smile and stay awhile, and pass
like flakes of snow.
The dear, wee baby faces that the world has
never known,
But mothers hide, so tender-eyed, deep in their
hearts alone.
I love to think that somewhere, in the country
we call heaven,
The land most fair of anywhere will unto them
be given,

A land of little faces—very little—very fair—
And every one shall know her own and cleave
unto it there.

O grant it, loving Father, to the broken hearts
that plead!
Thy way is best—yet oh, to rest in perfect faith
indeed!
To know that we shall find them, even then, the
wee, white dead,
At Thy right hand, in Thy bright land, by liv-
ing waters led!

Wayside Altar.

HOME AGAIN.

I know some grown-up people
Who say they're fond of boys,
But when you go to visit
You mustn't make much noise.
They have a splendid garden,
With beaut'ful flowers, but there!
They don't like boys to pick them,
Because they're all so rare.
They have some chairs with cushions
That look like velvet moss,
But they aren't meant to sit on,
Or lean against, or toss.

They have some things in cab'nets
All fixed up spick and span,
For "careful boys" to play with,
(The boy who dares to, can!)
They're always kind and pleasant
As ever they can be;
They've spent a whole long fortnight
Just entertaining me.
I guess I like my fam'ly
The best of any one;
And when you've been a-visiting,
The coming home is fun!

Youth's Companion.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT.

AN ESSAY ON HOME.


THE Parents' Class movement is steadily growing, and it would seem as though it would become for the older people what the Sunday School has already become for the younger ones. Indeed, the results are highly gratifying, and the possibilities of the movement are vastly greater than they at first appeared to be, and are developing constantly.

In order that it may be known what is being accomplished by these classes, it is our purpose in this article to give the result of an assignment made to a brother, who, as he said, up to that time had not been in the habit of attending Sunday School very much, but who is now an earnest and zealous member of the Parents' Class of his ward. The subject under consideration was "Home," and the topic assigned to the brother was "A Man's Home is His Castle." The following beautiful paper was prepared and presented the next Sunday, and formed the basis for a most interesting discussion by the members of the class:

"A castle is a house fortified for defense against an enemy—a fortress; it might also be called a home or mansion, for in olden times they were the homes of distinguished persons. Our home castles are not built so large nor yet so strong as the castles of old, for we do not live in fear of enemies; yet no one, especially a stranger, is allowed to enter our homes without first having obtained permission. The home should be a safe retreat from all dangers and temptations; in fact everything of a harmful nature, for it is the one spot on earth where is concentrated the largest percentage of our earthly interests, and there are very few persons without a home, or the memory of one. The lord of the castle is the father, to whom all should render a willing and joyful obedience, with reverence and love. All members of the home castle have their

places to fill and duty to perform, and must add beauty and strength to its structure. In former times soldiers were on duty as a further protection to the inmates within the castle. So also the parents, into whose hands is entrusted the guardianship of an immortal soul, have their hours of duty, but unlike the soldier, they are never off duty. In speaking of the home as a commonwealth, it is intended to convey the idea that in every properly conditioned household every member should gladly contribute to the commonwealth of happiness. The principle lies at the very heart of all home comfort. Where a parent exercises his authority like a gracious sovereign, and the children yield a glad and loyal obedience, there is sure to be a peaceful, happy home. Each member of the home should be taught that he has something to do to protect the home, and to keep it from everything that might prove of any injury to it in any way, shape or form; and every member in the family should so live that his absence would be sorely felt—a chord missed from the music, a link gone from the chain, a stone taken from the castle's portal.

"The walls of the building alone, without affection, do not constitute the home; there must be some one to love and some one to love us; it must be a place where the heart can bloom, and where there is some kind lip to cheer it, and then the home is beautiful, it is mighty, and as strong as a castle. Under such conditions home is a world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in, the place where you are treated best and where you grumble most. It is the one place on earth where the faults and failings of fallen humanity are hidden under the mantle of charity, and it might be called a little hollow scooped out of the windy hill of the world where we can be shielded from its cares and annoyances."



OUR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS.

Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

DOT'S BIRTHDAY DOLL PARTY.



HER birthday came two days after Christmas, she was three years old and she had three dolls.

Dot's Aunt Lizzie had given her the first doll the day she was one year old. And the dear baby had shown so much love for that doll, which was only a small one, that on her next birthday her mama had given her one a little larger. Dot had played so much with the two dolls, and had been so kind to them, that when she was three years old her Grandma Brown, who came to eat birthday dinner with her, brought her a still larger and finer doll than either of the others. And Grandma had dressed it so beautifully, in a pretty, pale blue dress, with red cloak and hat.

The tiny, first doll Dot called Nellie, the next was Blanch, and the large, beautiful one they named Grace.

Grandma Rice came to spend the day also, and she brought Dot a box of little dishes, so she could set the table and play keeping house.

Dot was very pleased and happy, and while her two grandmas and her mama were visiting together, the little girl with her family of dolls was playing quietly and having a nice time.

Three little neighbor girls, Allie and May and Ida just happened to come all at once, to have a play with Dot. They did not know it was her birthday, and they did not bring their dolls. But Dot was glad to see them and she did not wait to

be asked if her little visitors could play with her dolls. She thought of it herself and handed them each a doll. Then she sat down smiling brightly to see how nice her friends looked nursing her dolls.

"What a pleasant, good child Dot is!" Grandma Brown said to Grandma Rice. "There the dear, little soul is left with no doll for herself, and is perfectly happy watching her visitors play with her babies."

"Let's make her another doll!" said Grandma Rice. "Let's get some cloth and cut out and make her a 'rag doll,' as our mothers used to do for us in Pioneer days, when there were no stores here and no dolls to be bought."

That was a good thought that came to Grandma Rice, and Dot's two grandmas and her mama worked it out in a very little while.

Mama had pieces of cloth in the house, and bits of pretty ribbon and trimming handy, so the doll and its clothes were soon cut out and made.

Dot noticed when some pretty, soft, white cotton was being used to "stuff" the doll with, but she did not know what was going on, and she took no pains to find out. She thought about her dishes, and said she would set the table and have lunch.

There was a goods box which had been brought with goods in from the store that mama said Dot could have for a table, and she let her take a small table cloth. Dot put the cloth on the box and the dishes around ready for her visitors and herself to

eat lunch. She had nuts and candy and raisins left of what Santa Claus had brought for her, and these she also put on her table.

Just as she was inviting her friends to sit up to the table for lunch, Grandma Rice held up the new "rag baby," for the little girls to see.

It was all finished, and was dressed so prettily! Dot dropped the little chair she was carrying to the table and clapped her hands in delight.

"Anovie dollie, anovie dollie!" she shouted. "Yet me take it, Gamma, Pease yet me take it!" and Grandma Rice put the dear dollie into little Dot's arms.

"Now we evy one of us has dot a baby to eat lunch wiv us! Did you make 'is dollie, Gamma, fank you, fank you!"

Little Dot, strange to say, thinks more of her "Pioneer rag doll" than all the rest, and she never tires of stories about the times when her grandmas played with such dolls.

Mary Grace.



THE BOY SHOEMAKER OF BERRYVILLE.

XXIV.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught;
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made His work for man to mend.

—*Dryden.*

A Call from Jake Rafton—Jem's Witty Argument —The Opening of a Gymnasium.

THE hens began to lay plenty of eggs in February, and the price they brought was still good. So Carl and Jem felt well repaid for considerable extra care and pains taking, and some expense which they had been to in giving special attention to their feathered friends.

Jem had just taken in a fine basket of eggs, one afternoon, and was out for a pail of water, when someone called to him from a distance. He looked around and saw it

was Jake Rafton, calling and motioning him to go to the fence. Jem set down his pail and ran to the fence where Jake stood on the opposite side.

"Why don't you come in, Jake?" said Jemmy. "I am just getting supper. Come on in and stay and eat with us. Carl will be as glad as anything to have you."

"Oh, no! I dasen't go in," answered Jake. "Ma wouldn't like it. I had to coax her ever so long to get her to say I might come where I could holler at you and talk to you."

"And did she say you might come to the fence?" asked Jemmy.

"Yes," answered Jake.

"And did she say you must not go in the house?"

"I didn't ask her about whether I could go to the house, I knew she would not say I could."

"Then she didn't tell you not to."

"No, we didn't talk anything about the house. I just asked her if I might come to the fence and call to you and Carl and speak with you here. For a long time she said I mustn't. But Polly helped me to coax her. She said it was such a while since we had heard anything of Ted and Digit, and she kind of got ma interested about them, and so ma said at last that I might come to the fence and ask how you boys are getting along, and how the others were when you heard from them last, and she said I might talk with you about something else that I want Carl to hear."

"Well, then," said Jem, "if your mother didn't say you must not go in the house, you cannot be disobeying her by doing so. Come right in and talk to Carl while he goes on with his work and I finish getting supper."

Jake was not so extremely conscientious as to still find excuse against Jem's clear argument, especially as it accorded perfectly with his own desires. Besides, boy

though he was, he could readily sense the fact that his mother was unnecessarily troubled by clinging to the superstitious fear which had taken possession of her at the time of Mr. Zellon's death. And with a broad grin at what he considered Jem's smartness in thinking out so quickly a plan that suited the case so well, he climbed over the fence and followed his little friend into the house.

Carl looked up surprised at seeing Jake entering the door, for he had supposed that none of Mrs. Rafton's family would ever be permitted to come there. But a feeling of pleased hospitality prompted him to refrain from mentioning a subject which, to his delicate nature, seemed one that would be disagreeable to his visitor.

"Come in, Jake, how glad I am to see you! How are you and all the folks?" was Carl's greeting, but he went right on with his work, making his hands fly faster, if anything, because of the delight he felt in seeing Jake come into the house.

Just then, to Jem's lively mind occurred the thought that it was just as well for Carl not to be told of the argument he had used to get Jake to come in. So, as he placed a chair for the visitor near Carl's bench, he began at once in an animated way to open a conversation by saying:

"Jake has got something to talk to us about, Carl, and I am so anxious to hear what it is. Shall he tell us right off?"

"Certainly!" answered Carl. "I shall be pleased to hear anything new."

"I hope you will be well enough pleased with this new thing to take hold and help out with it," said Jake.

"Perhaps we shall," replied Carl. "Let's hear what it is."

"It's to be a gymnasium!" said Jake, with great emphasis.

"A gymnasium!" repeated both of Jake's listeners, and even Carl dropped the baby shoe he was stitching and held up his hands.

"Oh! I have seen two men who had played, or worked, whichever it is, in a gymnasium," he said, "and I never saw anyone else so quick and strong and powerful as they were. Grandfather used to say that when I should be old enough, and we rich enough, I should go to a gymnasium school. And mother was interested in physical culture, and used to say she hoped to have me take training in that and elocution. But it takes money, you know, boys, to get into those things, and we have less than nothing, we are in debt."

"Teddy played in a boys' gymnasium, in an old barn, once," said Jem. "They used to let me watch them, but they wouldn't have me in their games, they said I was too small, and when one of the big boys fell onto me one day and nearly knocked me senseless, I thought I was too small too, and I kept out of the way all right after that. But what about your gymnasium, Jake, and how do you like eggs cooked best, fried or boiled?"

"I like fresh eggs any way they can be cooked," answered Jake, "but it's not my gymnasium, and I can't be in it unless I can get ten boys to promise to join it and pay ten dollars a piece, five at the beginning of the term, and five more in six weeks. It's to run for six months to start with, if enough boys and folks subscribe, and longer if it pays well enough."

"Oh!" groaned Jem. "We can't go to it then, of course, can we Carl?"

"I can't see how we could possibly," said Carl. "But if it proves to be a good school, and keeps on here, perhaps we can get ahead enough so that we may join it after awhile."

"After awhile won't do, Carl," said Jake. "The man that wants to start the school is stopping at our house, he and his wife. They came two days ago. They say if they can once get their school started here they are not afraid but that they can keep it going as long as they want to."

They have seen Dr. Evers and he says it would be a fine thing for the people here, and he will help them as much as he can to get established. So the man, Mr. Sands, told me this morning if I could get ten boys to join the class he would give me the whole course for the help that would be to him."

"That's it, is it?" said Carl. "So it would help you out some if we should join and could pay our five dollars apiece, to begin with." Carl thought, with grateful feelings, how kind and good the Raftons had all been to him since the first day he had known them. It was through the kindness of Jake's mother that he and Jem had that comfortable home all to themselves. Even if it was through a ridiculous fear that she kept herself and her family away from the place, she could charge rent for it if she chose, but she did not. Carl had a keen sense of the obligations he was under to this family, and he could not say to Jake, "Jem and I cannot help you out by joining your class." But instead of that he said:

"Jem has supper ready now, Jake, let's eat. Tomorrow morning I will go to town with some finished work, and get some more. On my way home I will go 'round by your place and let you know if we decide to join the class. I think we will."

"Oh Carl, Carl! do you, do you think we can?" cried Jem, in such an excited condition at the thought that in order to clap his hands he dropped a dish of hot potatoes so near the edge of the table that it tipped off and its contents went rolling about the floor. Then the little cook made such comic antics gathering up the unfortunate vegetables, burning his hands with them and saying such queer things in his apologies that a good, hearty laugh had to be indulged all around before the three boys could settle themselves for eating.

Carl remarked, when he could speak after his laugh, that it was a "mighty" good

thing Jem had cooked the potatoes that evening in what he called his "national style, with their jackets on."

Jem said the chickens could have what was mashed and spoiled of the potatoes, so there was really no great loss over the accident, except that the supper would not be quite so hot and nice as it would have been.

While they were eating the thought came into Jem's mind, and he asked the question, how it was that Jake's father never came 'round and helped them out when they were needing means, as he had heard that Mr. Rafton was still living somewhere.

Jake explained, in rather a pathetic way, that his father had his head hurt sometime ago and had not been like himself since. Sometimes he came home, but more of the time he spent with some faithful old chums of his who liked to have him with them away off in the mountains. They were all hoping for him to get well, but maybe he never would.

Then Jem was sorry he had mentioned so painful a subject to Jake, but the only thing he could do to remedy it, he thought, was to commence to talk about the gymnasium, so he said:

"Oh well, some of us that have no fathers to help us out, fall in with friends like Carl, and I guess with his help we will get into that gymnasium all right. And maybe, if we do, Carl and I will grow to be big fellows, and folks won't always think we are little boys."

"Judge Lotzie was telling me the other day, Jem," said Carl, "that he hopes he can get you to help him all next summer in his gardens; he likes your work if you are small of your age and not so strong as some others."

"We can recommend you if you want to be a gardener, Jem," said Jake with returning merriment. "We can tell folks we know you can drop potatoes all right, can't we, Carl?"

"Oh, you quit that, Jake! its no fair," laughed Jemmy. And then they all had another big laugh to finish their dinner with.

Mr. Bonner received a call from Carl in good season the next morning. After the usual greetings, the boy shoemaker said: "I am trying very hard, Mr. Bonner, to get that note paid up, and have ten dollars now which I had fully expected to pay on it today. But something has come along which I concluded best to speak to you about, and ask your advice once more if you are willing to hear me."

"Certainly, certainly! my young friend," said Mr. Bonner. "What would be the use of a man's past experience if he couldn't be benefiting someone with it? What's happened now?"

"There's a man come to town, a Mr. Sands," said Carl, "who wants to start a gymnasium, and will do so if he meets with sufficient encouragement. He wants the people who join his class to pay five dollars in advance, and if my friend who lives with me and I should join the class at the commencement, you see, it would take the ten dollars we have saved just to start us, and I don't know when we could pay anything at the bank."

"Carl Hetherley!" said Mr. Bonner, "if all men had your scrupulous integrity, I believe everyone in the world could be well provided for, and there would be no trouble or misunderstandings about money matters. You are welcome to the use of the money you are owing me, or any portion of it, as long as you may need it. I know you will pay it as soon as you well can, and that will be soon enough. By all means you and your friend must get the benefits of the gymnasium. It is just what you need, and will do you a world of good. And you can tell Mr. Sands that if he perseveres in his undertaking here and proves to be the right sort of a man for the business, he can depend on having my sympa-

thy and support. I am more than pleased that Berryville is to have a gymnasium."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



THE LETTER BOX.

Good Wishes for the Year.

EAST MILL CREEK.

I think this is the first letter from this place to the Letter Box. We live in a beautiful ward near the mountain. Our Bishop is Brother John Neff. He is kind to the children. I love to read the letters in the JUVENILE. I think "The Boy Shoemaker of Berryville" a very nice story, and hope we shall all be brave and honest as Carl. I wish L. L. G. R. and all my dear friends a Happy New Year.

HAROLD DEBENHAM.

My brother is writing a letter so mama said I could. I am seven years old. I love to go to Sunday School and Primary. My papa raises many kinds of fruit. I can pick strawberries.

NATHAN DEBENHAM.



Charade.

PINE VALLEY, UTAH.

I guessed some of the Charades, and will send one composed of 10 letters.

7, 1, 5, 2, is a sea animal.

6, 9, 7, 5, a girl's name.

4, 3, 9, 8, a place where the pure in heart dwell.

10, 9, 1, a sort of grief.

The whole is the name of a gifted lady writer.

BERNELLA GARDNER.



Primary Celebration.

TORREY, WAYNE CO., UTAH.

We have good schools here. Our Primary president has bought toys for the little

children and is going to have a Christmas tree. We shall have the entertainment Saturday evening, Sunday we shall celebrate the hundredth birthday of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and Monday will be Christmas. I went to Conference at Loa last fall and had a good time. My friend and I felt glad that we had the privilege of being introduced to Sister L. L. G. Richards, who was visiting there in the interest of the Primary work.

CURILLA BURR, Aged 11 years.

Letter and Charade.

LOVELL, BIG HORN CO., WYO.

We have not lived in this place very long. We came here from Utah last March. I do not see anything in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR from here, so thought I would write. I like Sunday School and day school also. I have guessed some of the charades and will send one composed of 11 letters.

8, 5, 2, 11, 5, 10 is the name of a large city.

1, 9, 6, 3, the name of a relative.

7, 1, 10, 11, a useful member of the body.

4, 1, 3, an article used by ladies and gentlemen.

The whole is the name of another good man in Utah. I am 12 years old and love to read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

GEORGE W. JOHNSON.

Likes Salem, Idaho, Better Than Lyman, Wyoming.

SALEM, IDAHO.

They are building a large meetinghouse in Salem. It is nearly finished, and it will be very nice to have a house to meet in that will be large enough to hold the people of the ward. We used to live in Lyman, Wyoming, but last April we came here, and we like it better than Wyoming, so we will likely stay here always. Our

papa died eight years ago, and our mama was left a widow with five children. We have electric lights in Salem, and we think it is a nice little ward.

ELLEN STEWART,
LAVINA STEWART.

BEAUTIFUL IS THE NIGHT.

Last night, as I sat by my window,
I looked at the stars so bright,
And I said, as I watched them flicker,
How beautiful is the night!

And then, as I turned to the eastward,
I beheld the moon's pale light,
And as she ascended, I whispered,
How beautiful is the night!

Just out and adown from my window
The river streamed in its might,
And I said, as the moonbeams kissed it,
How beautiful is the night!

And I thought, how well might the angels,
In their robes of spotless white,
Come down and visit God's footstool,
In the still, beautiful night!

Surah E. Mitton.

TURNING A NEW LEAF OVER.

ON New Year's day I was going
To begin to be very good,
But two times I lost my patience,
And cried as hard as I could.

So I had to begin all over,
The next day after that;
But the kitty broke my tea-set,
And—I'm afraid I broke the cat.

The third day I meant to, honest,
I was good until half-past six,
When mama said, "To bed, Sleepy Head,"
I 'spect—I was cross-as-two-sticks.

The third, the fourth and the fifth days
I kept being naughty, some way,
And now it's the sixth day morning,
I'm going to begin today.

It's "never too late" to do it,
And, then, you just look here—
There's three hundred'n sixty days left;
I'll be good for the rest of the year.

Selected.

No. 52. Count Your Blessings.

Rev. I. OATMAN, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. When up-on life's billows you are tem-pest toss'd, When you are discourag'd, thinking
 2. Are you ev-er burden'd with a load of care? Does the cross seem heavy you are
 3. When you look at others with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has promis'd you His
 4. So, a-mid the conflict, whether great or small, Do not be discourag'd, God is

all is lost, Count your many blessings, name them one by one, And it will sur-
 call'd to bear? Count your many blessings, ev-ry doubt will fly, And you will be
 wealth un - told, Count your many blessings, money can-not buy Your reward in
 o - ver all, Count your many blessings, angels will at - tend, Help and comfort

CHORUS.

prise you, what the Lord hath done.
 singing as the days go by. } Count your blessings, Name them one by
 heav-en, nor your home on high. }
 give you to your journey's end. Count your many blessings, Name them one by

one, Count your blessings, See what God hath done, Count your
 one, Count your many bless-ings, See what God hath done, Count your many

Rit.

blessings, Name them one by one, Count your many blessings, See what God hath done.

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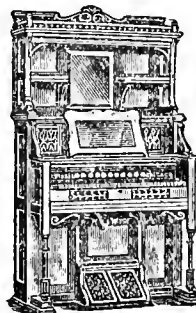
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